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27 Fairfield Ave., Bridgeport, Conn. The Penalty of Kindness.

The man who had about three time as much as he could carry felt in his pocket for a nickel. The conductor waited patiently while he extracted a package of cigarette papers, four matches, a little wad of string and a

"Noshing doin'," said the sozzled one and immediately lost interest in the

"Come, get off," said the conductor. "Here; it's Jefferson avenue. I can't let you go any farther without pay-

Just then a fat man leaned over and gave the conductor a nickel. "Let him ride," he said, and the "con" rang up the fare and passed on.

When the car reached the end of the line the inebriated gentleman was still "Why don't you get off?" roared th

"con," shaking him. "Where do you want to go?"

The passenger opened one watery eye sleepfly.

"Where do I go?" he exclaimed.

"Wy, Jefferson avenue!"—St. Louis

Bigger Then the Sun A minute parallax or about one-six-tieth of a second of are found for Arcturus by Dr. Elkin gave a most it. This small parallax implies a distance from the earth equal to about 12,000,000 times the sun's distance. This vast distance would produce a diminution of light of about thirty-five and one-fourth mages, so that the sun placed at the of Arcturus would be reduced to a star of only nine and three-fourths magnitude. It would not be visible with an opera glass. Arcturus is therefore in round numbers nine and ne-half magnitudes, or over 6,000 times brighter than the sun would be at the same distance. Assuming the same density and brightness of surface as the sun, the diameter of Arcturus would therefore be about sev enty-nine times the sun's diameter, or over 68,000,000 miles, and its mass about 500,000 times the mass of the ger the imagination."

Why Sailors Like "Scraps." It has long been observed that the sailor, whether in commercial or government service, takes a peculiar delight in "mixing up" with the bluecoat, but this inclination has been attributed more to a natural exuberance which comes with a land leave, accelerated somewhat by artificial means. than to animus inherent with deep sea life. But why this feeling? Perhaps it is that the strict rules of marine service, the long periods of close conment to which the seaman is subected, make him a hater of any one who wears the emblem of authority when he is temporarily enjoying freedom on shore leave away from the restraints aboard ship. The sailor wants liberty in its full sense, and, realizing that the bluecoat is the chief obstacle to his obtaining it, he develops a firm onviction that the policeman ought to be trounced on general principles. In time it becomes his chief peaceful am-bition.—Brooklyn Standard Union.

Poetic Justice.

A certain couple in a New England village, each the parent of six children, had meted out to them a kind of poetic justice in which they failed to see the

The woman, a widow, pleading that she had no home and was therefore unable to care for her children, induced the local authorities to admit them to an orphan asylum. The man, a widower, pleading he had no housekeeper and therefore no one to care for his children, induced the authorities to admit his six also. Thereupon, being freed from all incumbrances.

these two married. All went well for a few months, when the authorities, learning of the situation, promptly dispatched the welve children back to their parents. and, the woman no longer able to represent herself as homeless or the man as without a housekeeper, they were forced to receive them.

the The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE LADY OF THE HEAVENS.

Copyright, 1908, by H. Rider Haggard

myriads of points of light, in every point a tiny face. They gazed at her with their golden eyes; they whispered together concerning her, and the sound of their whispering was the sound of the sea at page. (Continued.) So Rachel ate, and afterwards, feelng drownsy, even slept a while, perhaps because she was still weary with her journeying, and her new-found mind needed repose, or perhaps be-cause some drug had been mingled with her drink. When she awoke, Nya the sea at peace. They accompanied her to the very heart of the opal rose of life whence all these wonders welled, with her drink. When she awoke, Nya led her to the mouth of the cave. There they stood awhile studying the stars. No breath of air stirred, and the silence were interested. they set her in a great grey hall roofed in with leaning cliffs, and there they left her desolate. Fear came upon her, the loneliness silence was intense, only from time choked her, it held her by the throat like a thing alive. She seemed about

to time the sound of trees falling in the forest reached their ears. Some-times it was quite soft as though a fieece of wool had been dropped to the earth; that was when the tree that died had grown miles and miles away to die of it, when she became aware that once more she was companioned Shapes stood about her. She could not see the shapes, save dimly now and again as they moved, but their eyes she could see, their great calm, pitiful eyes which looked down on her, as the from them; and sometimes the crash was as that of sudden thunder; that was when the tree which died had eyes of a giant might look down upon a babe. They were terrible, but she grown near to them.

A sense of the mystery and wonder A sense of the mystery and wonder of the place and hour sank in Rachel's heart. The stars above, the mighty entombing forest, in which the trees did not fear them so much as the lone-liness, for at least they lived. One of the shapes bent over her, for

its holy eyes drew near to her, and she heard a voice in her heart asking her for what great cause she had dared fell unceasingly after their long cen-turies of life, the encircling wall, built perhaps by hands that had ceased from their labours hundreds of thousands of to journey hither before the time. She answered, in her heart, not with her lips, that she was bereaved of all she years before those trees began to grow; the huge moss-clad cedar upon the mound beneath the shadow of whose branches day by day its worshippers gave up their breath, that immorial cedar whereof, as they believed. loved and came to seek them. Then, still in her heart, she heard that voice "Let all this Rachel's dead be brought the life was the life of the nation; the wizened little witch-woman at her side with the seal of doom already set upon

before her."

Instantly doors swung open at the end of that grey hall, and through them with noiseless steps, with shadory wings, floated a being that bore in its arms a child. Before her it stayed, and the light of its starry head illumined the face of the child. She her brow and the stare of farewell in her eyes; the sad, spiritual face of Noie who held her hand, the loving. As who held her hand, the loving, faithful Nois, who in that light seemed half a thing of air; the grey little dwarf-mutes who squatted on their mats staring at the ground, or now and again passed down the hill from the Fence of Death above, bearing beknew it at once—it was that baby brother whose bones lay by the shore of the African sea. It awoke from its sleep, it opened its eyes, it stretched out its arms and smiled at her. Then tween them a body to its burial; all were mysterious, all were wonderful. As she looked and listened, a new it was gone. Other Shapes appeared, each of them strength stirred in Rachel's heart. At first she had felt afraid, but now courbearing its burden-a companion had died at school, friends of youth and childhood whom she

age flowed into her, and it seemed to come from the old, old woman at her side, the mistress of mysteries, the mother of magic, in whom was gather-ed the wisdom of a hundred genera-tions of this half human race. At the sight of him she shrank, for his shood was on her hands, but he only smiled like the rest, and was borne away, to be followed by that witch-doctoress whom the Zulus had slain because of her, who neither smiled nor "Look at the stars and the night," she was saying in her soft voice, "for soon thou shalt be beyond them al, and perchance thou shalt never see them more. Art thou fearful? If so, frowned but passed like one who won speak and we will not try this journey in search of one whom we may not

"No," answered Rachel; "but, Mother, whither go we?"
"We go to the Land of Death. Come, then, the moment is at hand. It is hard on midnight. See, yonder star stands above the holy Tree," and she pointed to a bright orb that hung almost over the topmost bough of the cedar, "it marks thy road, and if thou wouldst pass it, now is the hour."

Then another shadow swept down the hall, and in its arms her mother—her mother with joyful eyes, who held thin hands above her as though in blessing, and to whom she strove to speak but strove in vain. She was borne on still blessing her, and where she had been was her father who blessed her also, and whose presence seemed to she peace upon her soul. He pointed upwards and was gone, gaz-

wouldst pass it, now is the hour."

"Mother," asked Noie, "may I come
with her? I also have my dead, and
where my Sister goes I follow."

"Aye, if thou wilt, daughter of Seya-

where my Sister goes I follow."

"Aye, if thou wilt, daughter of Seyapi, the path is wide enough for three, and if I stay on high, perchance thou that art of my blood mayest find strength to guide her earthwards through the wandering worlds."

Then Nya walked up the cave and sat herself down within the circle of the lamps with her back to the stalactite that was shaped like a tree, bidding Rachel and Noie be seated in front of her. Two of the dwarf-mutes appeared, women both of them, and squatted to right and left, each gazing into a bowl of limpid dew. Nya made a sign, and still gazing into their bowls these dwarfs began to beat upon little drums that gave out a curlous, rolling noise, while Nya sang to the sound of the drums, a wild, low song. With her thin little hands she grasped the right hand of Rachel and of Noie and gazed into their eyes.

Things changed to Rachel The speak.

"As I hope for pardon, so I pardon," she said. "Go in peace!"

Voices and trumpets caught up the words, and through the grey hall they rang and echoed, proclaimed for ever, and as they died away he too was gone and with him went the myriad points of flame, in each of which gleamed a tiny face. She looked about her seeking another Spirit, that Spirit she had traveled so far and dared so much to find. But there came only a little dwarf that shambled alone down the great hall. She knew him at once for Pani, the priest, he who had been

right hand of Rachel and of Noie and gazed into their eyes.

Things changed to Rachel. The dwarfs to right and left vanished away, but the low murmuring of their drums grew to a mighty music, and the stars danced to it. The song of Nya swelled till it filled all the space between earth and heaven; it was the rush of the gale among the forests, it was the beating of the sea upon an illimitable coast, it was the shout of all the armies of the world, it was the weeping of all the women of the world. It lessened again, she seemed to be passing away from it, she heard it far beneath her, it grew tiny in its volume—tiny as if it were an infinite speck or point of sound which she could still discern for millions and millions of miles, till at length distance and vastness overcame it, and it ceased. It ness overcame it, and it ceased. It ceased, this song of the earth, but a new song began, the song of the rushing words. Far away she could hear it, that ineffable music, far in the utter depths of space. Nearer it would utter depths of space. Nearer it would come and nearer, a ringing, glorious sound, a sound and yet a voice, one mighty voice that sang and was answered by other voices as sun crossed the path of sun, and caught up and re-echoed by the innumerable choir of the constellations.

re-echoed by the innumerable choir of the constellations.

They were falling past her, those vast, glowing suns, those rounded planets that wewe now vivid with light and now steeped in gloom, those infinite showers of distant stars. They were gone, they and their music together; she was far beyond them in a region where all life was forgotten, beyond the rush of the uttermost comet, beyond the last glimmer of the spies and outposts of the universe. One shape of light she sped into the black bosom of fathomless space, and its solitude shrivelled up her soul. She could not endure, she longed for some shore on which to set her mental feet. Behold! far away a shore appeared, a towering cliff-bound shore, upon whose iron coasts all the black waves of towering cliff-bound shore, upon whose iron coasts all the black waves of space beat vainly and were eternally rolled back. Here there was light, but no such light as she had ever known; it did not fall from sun or star, but changeful and radiant, welled upward from that land in a thousand hues, as light wight well from a world of one. light might well from a world of opal. In its dazzling, beautiful rays she saw fantastic palaces and pyramids, she saw seas and pure white mountains, she saw plains and new-hued flowers. she saw gulfs and precipices and pale lakes pregnant with wavering flame. All that she had ever conceived of as lovely or as fearful, she beheld, far lovelier or a thousandfold more fear-

Like a great rose of glory that world bloomed and changed beneath her. Petal by petal its splendours fell away and were swallowed in the sea of space, whilst from the deep heart of the immortal rose new splendours took manent results. To get well, to feel their birth, and fresh-fashioned, my-sterious, wonderful, reappeared the measureless city with its columns, its towers and its glittering gates. It en-dured a moment, or a million years, she knew not which, and lo! where it had been stood another city, different, had been stood another city, different, utterly different, only a hundred times more glorious. Out of the prod gal heart of the world-rose were they created, into the black bosom of nothingness were they gathered, whilst others, ever more perfect, pressed into their place. So, too, changed the mountains, and so the trees, while the gulfs became a garden and the fiery lakes a preasant stream, and from the seed of pleasant stream, and from the seed of the strange flowers grew immemorial forests wreathed about with rosy mists and bedecked in glimmering dew. With music they were born, on the wings of music they fled away, and after them that sweet music walled like

again at bedtime.

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great hall. She knew him at once for Pani, the priest, he who had been crushed in the tempest. Pani, the brother of Eddo. No Shape bore him, for he who on earth had been half a ghost, could walk his ghost-world on his mortal feet, or so her mind conceived. Past her he shuffled shame-faced and was gone.

Now the great doors at the head of the hall closed; from far away she could see them roll together like lightning-severed clouds, and once more that awful loneliness overcame her. Her knees gave way beneath her, she sank down upon the floor, one little

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Her knees gave way beneath her, she sank down upon the floor, one little spot of white in its expanse, wish'ng that the roof of rock would fall and hide her. She covered her face with her golden hair, and swept behind its vell. She looked up and saw two great eyes gazing at her—no face, only two great, steady ones. Then a voice speaking in her heart-asked her why she wept, whose desire had been fulfilled, and she answered that it was because she could not find him whom IRA GREGORY & CO...

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because she could not find him whom

she sought, Richard Darrien. In-stantly the tongues and trumpets took

(To be Continued.)

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